

AT SUNSET.

Over the tired world blows
Breath of the sunset rose;
Wind in the redwood trees
Swept from the sundown seas;
Gleam on the hilltop high
Caught from a jeweled sky;
Dusk in the canyon deep
Shed from the wing of sleep;
Prayer in a censer swung,
Incense from the wing of sleep;
Dreams in a purple boat
Sailing from ports remote;
"Peace" from a seraph fair
Floating through twilight air,
Over the tired world blows
Rests from the sunset rose.

—Munsey.

The Wrong House.

BY GEORGE R. PARRISH.

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"It was a strange town to me," said the reformed burglar reflectively, "and I was looking about for a partner to help me pull off a particularly good thing, when I ran across this man Watson. He was hard up, and somewhat shaky from a prolonged spree, but he had the look of a gentleman under his rags, and struck me as the sort of a fellow who would show plenty of nerve in an emergency. So I put the proposition squarely at him. The lad shied a little at first, but when a man is hungry and up against it generally, he is mighty apt to forget some other things, and Watson finally said he'd help me out."

"It was as black and foggy a night as I ever remember, and I was fairly lost twice before we brought up in the right street. But after that it was easy. You see I had marked the Courtney house by the big plant in a tub they always had sitting out on the front porch, and as soon as that loomed up there the fog I knew what to do. What I didn't know was, that the servant girl who scrubbed the steps that afternoon had lifted the plant over the railing and forgot to return it, so that instead of cracking 410 I went to work on 412. As for Watson he was too thoroughly soaked to pay much attention to anything."

"It wasn't much of a trick to get in, as the front window under the area was unlocked, and as the street was quiet I told Watson he better come in with me. All those houses were built just alike, so I had no difficulty in finding the stairs, dark as it was. The carpet was thick and we reached the upper landing without making enough noise to startle a mouse. The front room was the one I was after, but the door was fastened, and I was obliged to cut the panel before I could get a hand in, and turn the key. Then I stood there in the darkness and listened."

"I could tell from the breathing there were two persons sleeping in the room, but to make certain as to where the furniture stood, I let a bit of light out of my lantern, and took a quick glance at the bed. It was a woman and baby lying there, and a right handsome woman, too, with hair that looked coal black against the pillow. But I wasn't there for any romance, so I just shoved back the slide and felt my way over to the dresser on the other side of the room."

"We learn in the trade to judge pretty nearly where a woman is apt to keep her sparklers, but I found nothing in the upper drawer that felt like a jewel case, and I shoved it back and tried the second. It stuck a bit, and I must have made some noise, for I heard a sudden exclamation and when I wheeled and flashed my lantern there was the woman sitting bolt up in bed, her face as white as a sheet, and her great, black eyes staring full at me."

"It's easier handling a man in such a case than a woman, for the latter is bound to scream unless you shut her



When I wheeled and flashed the lantern there was the woman sitting bolt up in bed.

off before she can, but I had this one by the throat so quick she never even gasped. I hated to do it, but Lord! I've been in the 'pen' once."

"Madam," I said, as gruffly as I could speak, "do you know what this means?" and I pressed the muzzle of a revolver against her cheek."

"The terror in her eyes was a sufficient answer, and I let go my grasp. As I did so the child stirred uneasily."

"If that baby cries before I get out of here, I went on to intimidate

her, 'I'll leave a remembrance of my visit you'll recall long after you forget your diamonds.'"

"She must have felt that I meant it, for she sank back on the pillow, and began to quiet the child. While still keeping my eyes upon them, I stepped backward until I was enabled to reach one hand behind me into the still open drawer. A moment later my fingers came in contact with the case I was seeking, and, forgetting caution, I turned entirely around in my eagerness to get it out from under some clothing."



"Oh, Fred!" she cried. "Fred, is it really you?"

"There was a sudden rush of feet, and revolver in hand I sprang forward toward the fleeing white-robed figure. As she reached the half-open door she came face to face with Watson. There was a quick exclamation of surprise, and then, to my utter amazement, what did that woman do but fling her arms about the fellow's neck."

"Oh, Fred!" she cried. "Fred, is it really you?"

"I stood there looking at them too dumbfounded to move, when there was a bump on the floor, the sound of toddling feet on the carpet, and the baby was pulling at Watson's coat."

"Papa," he lisped, half afraid, 'is 'oo cum home?'"

"Say, I've had some queer jolts in my time, but that beat them all. I just started to get out of there, when Watson looked up, and I never want to see such a look in any man's eyes again. It frightened her, too. I guess for she put her hand on his shoulder."

"Oh, don't, Fred, don't hurt him," she pleaded softly. "He brought you back to baby and me."

"He dropped his face until it rested against her black hair, and his hand rested gently on the head of the little one. I doubt if they even noticed as I slipped past them and down the dark stairs. And I was out on the street before I remembered I had left the diamonds lying in the drawer."

A Kipling Story.

The following story from Kipling—who opened a new rifle range at Sydenham on Saturday—was related by a bachelor of about 48 who was in the habit of wintering in one of those towns which Stevenson has described somewhere as "perched like birds on the olive-crowned cliffs of the Riviera." Rushing in where angels fear to tread, with the courage born of inexperience, this courageous one had undertaken the escort of four small children, their ages ranging from 6 to 12, on the tedious journey of some thousand miles, to visit grandparents residing in England. He was relating the various experiences through which he had passed on this long journey to a lady sitting next him at a dinner party. Rudyard Kipling on the opposite side, but a little bit lower down, happened to catch some of the remarks, and asked to have the narrative repeated. Having had the entire episode related to him, he looked wonderingly across at the quixotic 20th century bachelor and murmured gently: "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."—London M. A. P.

Lifetime on the Ocean.

Capt. R. W. Fuller of Boston, has sailed more than 650,000 miles and has passed around Cape Horn twenty-two times.

How to Down Smokers.

A Cleveland man has sued a manufacturing concern for \$50,000 because smoke from its chimney have ruined his flowers.

Few people know what they don't want until after they get it.

EATING TIME ON CAT FARM.

Dietary Table of an Up-to-Date Feline Boarding House.

The care of cats of absent mistresses and of those which are raised for sale has become a matter commanding great attention, and in its up-to-date features is sufficiently amusing. The dietary time-table and daily routine on one of these modern cat farms is described as follows: At 8:30 the cats have saucerfuls of food, prepared as for a baby, and given while warm at the consistency of cream. At 12:30 they dine either on a well-boiled sheep's head, cut up very fine, or by way of change they have a fish dinner. At 3 o'clock a drink of warm milk is provided. At 7 p. m. they have fish and rice, or biscuits soaked in milk. Clean boiled water is always kept on hand, as cats suffer from thirst more than is generally realized.

A white cat should be cleaned exactly as you would clean the fashionable white neck fur. The band of the cleaner should be dampened, not wet, in some water in which a few drops of ammonia have been poured. The cat should then be stroked. It should then be sprinkled generously with flour, which must be rubbed well into the fur. This must then be thoroughly brushed out, and the coat polished with a silk handkerchief. This ceremony should be rarely indulged in, as a healthy cat will keep itself clean in clean surroundings. The cats at the farm in question realize prices which frequently run into three figures, so the care bestowed on them is not altogether unreasonable.

CHURCH IN SPANISH STYLE.

Form of Architecture Popular in Pensacola as in Early Days.

It is noticeable that the vestry of Christ Church parish, Pensacola, Fla., has taken the Spanish architectural form, for a new church building for the parish. This is most appropriate. Pensacola was in all its early history a Spanish colonial city; its streets and public places are known by Spanish names; many of the people have Spanish blood in their veins; there is still the Spanish atmosphere there, as in St. Augustine, although modern Pensacola is truly American. Visitors to that city expect to see something recalling the ancient history of the place; but such is the force of innovation that, with the passage of time, all relics are likely to be obliterated, and no distinction be traceable between a town in Spanish Florida and a town in Oklahoma. The Mobile (Ala.) Register. To counteract this tendency—at least in part—the new church building is to be a return to ancient forms. It will resemble a Spanish mission church in general style, with here and there the graceful ornamentation that is seen in the Seville cathedral. This much we deduce from seeing the picture of the new church. We assume that the design was selected with the object above stated.

Stories of Snake Bites.

An English traveler just returned from India says that the stories about the great number of deaths from snake bites in India are to a great extent unreliable as statistics. He carefully analyzed the accounts, moreover, for these extreme exaggerations in figures on very plausible grounds. In India, he says, the law requires that when there is a sudden death a detailed report of it must be made to the civil surgeons, and as there are many such deaths far from the civic offices where the report should be made, the under officers perform their duty with the least possible trouble. To save the annoyance of transporting dead bodies, or vital organs, and the loss of time in getting evidence on the facts of the cases—which may be plain murders, by poison or otherwise—a report of death by "snake bite" is made. This sort of report is very convenient and makes interesting statistics.

Bees and Rheumatism.

Our contemporaries seem to be elated over the bee cure for rheumatism and devote considerable space to this stringent remedy. For ourselves, we can see no reason for rejoicing. We have been set upon by hive full of bees and we have been rendered helpless by a rheumatic onslaught. Of the two evils it's a toss of the penny which is the "wusser." The bees make up for the short duration of their infliction by the pungency of the pain; rheumatism isn't quite so severe as numerous bee stings, but it detains one from business more than a day and makes one feel like a walking barometer, twenty years older in the damp weather. One thing is certain, however, an aggressive, able-bodied, active bee can make itself so business-like that the rheumatic not only forgets his rheumatism, but every other ill that flesh is heir to.—Centerville (Md.) Observer.

A Sacrilegious Expression.

This story is told of a Milwaukee boy: He came into the house one morning full of excitement. He had found a new family of kittens and described them to his mother. "There is a black one and a white one and a Maltese and two others, and they are just like Jesus."

"Why, what do you mean by that, Josiah? You should not say such things."

"But they are just like Jesus, anyway."

"How is that?" asked his mother, her curiosity aroused in spite of her desire to reprove the boy for what she thought was sacrilege.

"Why, they were born in a manger."

EXPERIENCE SURE TO TELL.

Suffrage Would Be Given to Women if Controversy Ceases.

In the matter of suffrage for women or coeducation for boys and girls, nothing but experiment freely made, and judged upon by the results, can give us the verdict by which the people will abide, as the Boston Christian Register says. Gov. Long made a wise remark at the Unitarian festival in Boston when he said: "I sometimes tell our woman suffrage friends that, if they would not go to the legislature for ten years, if they would drop the subject entirely, and let it lie fallow, and ten years from now start it as a new thing. It would strike everybody as so simply plain and right that any person, whether man or woman, who bore a part of the burdens of the government should have a voice in it, they would carry their case without an argument." As a believer in this movement, he held that, taken out of the field of controversy, it would justify itself to the minds of the people. Whether so or not, that which the people believe in they will enforce, and that which they do not believe in cannot be forced upon them.

ONLY TIME HE EVER WORKED.

Gilded Youth Proudly Points to One Mark in His Life.

"I don't believe that you ever worked a day in your life," said the young man whose father's shattered fortunes had compelled him to go out into the world and earn his bread.

The other young man, whose father still had his money, turned rather uneasily at this attack, and then he said with some spirit:

"You don't know what you are talking about, that's all. It's simply a case of sour grapes with you."

"Do you mean to say that you ever worked?" retorted the other.

"I do," said the son of the rich man. "And when did you ever work?" interrupted the recently poor youth.

"When I was about seven months old," was the answer. "You see, I swallowed a yeast cake."

"Well, I guess that is the only reason you're well, then," said his companion as he turned on his heel.

WANTED THE SAME AGREEMENT.

Financial Acumen Shown by Woman Pleased P. D. Armour.

"Diamond Joe" Reynolds relates this story of the late Philip Armour of Chicago, who, in answer to an inquiry if he was not often troubled by those in need of assistance, answered:

"Every day. I have one impecunious near relative who is forever importuning me for help. Finally I shut down on him. A few days ago when he came to this office I refused to see him. He went home and pestered me with letters. Finally I told my financial man to write him that if he would agree not to worry me for two years I would let him have \$500. He wrote back, 'Make it five years and \$1,000.' 'That was so like an Armour,' said Mr. Armour, with a chuckle, 'that I let him have it. Well, in about two weeks I got a letter from his wife saying that, as she had not been a party to the contract, she hoped I would make the same arrangement with her.'—New York Times.

An Australian Statesman.

The erratic Earl of Hopetoun is a warm friend of Sir George Dibbs of Sydney, the man who has occupied the center of the political stage in Australia for many years. He has been premier several times, as well as colonial treasurer and colonial secretary. He is six feet four inches in his socks, and there is not a more expert blacksmith on the island continent. He and Lady Dibbs have been blessed with fifteen children. When a stranger visits him it is his delight to put a bit of brass or other metal in his lathe and turn out a pair of studs or sleeve buttons. He built his own windmill, his launch, his brick kitchen and his grape arbors, and would as lief kick an obstreperous politician out of his house as to go a-fishing. His launch he built in jail while undergoing punishment for refusing to pay costs in a libel suit. For twelve months he was incarcerated, but he declares he never had a better time. He is 68 years old and immensely rich.

The London Sewer Hunter.

The London sewer hunter before commencing operations provides himself with a bullseye lantern, a canvas apron and a pole some seven or eight feet in length, having an iron attachment at one end somewhat in the shape of a hoe. For greater convenience the lantern is invariably fixed to the right shoulder, so that when walking the light is thrown ahead, and when stooping its rays shine directly to their feet. Thus accouttered they walk slowly along through the mud, feeling with their naked feet for any thing unusual, at the same time raking the accumulation from the walls and picking from the crevices any article they see. Nothing is allowed to escape them, no matter what its value provided it is not valueless. Old iron, pieces of rope, bones, current coin of the realm and articles of plate and jewelry—all is good fish which comes to the hunter's net.

Metals Do Not Perish.

A French scientist has concluded that oxidized metals are finally transformed again into ore, and will ultimately collect under ground for future miners to dig up.

Appropriate epitaph for a bartender: "He had a 'smile' for everybody."

Location of Gold Remains a Mystery.

The death of Mrs. Futch, an aged lady of Moultrie, a small settlement on the Mantanzas river seven miles south of St. Augustine, Fla., recalls a story of buried gold, which now lies undiscovered probably upon the old farm on which she spent many years, and in quest of which she devoted many years of her life.

Her husband, the late Joshua Futch, was a man of secretive habits, who did not divulge his business to his own family. He was a thrifty cattleman and like many woodmen had a horror of modern methods of banking. A number of years ago Mr. Futch sold to Mr. William J. Sanchez a bunch of cattle for which he received \$1,300 in gold. Mr. Sanchez and his father, Mr. Vanancio Sanchez, enjoyed the confidence of nearly all the people of St. Johns county with whom they had extensive dealings. In a burst of confidence Mr. Futch told Mr. Sanchez that the gold received from him he had buried and that no living person knew of its existence, or its hiding place.

He also said that whenever he received money which he did not have immediate use for he converted it in gold and made another deposit in

Mother Earth. He was tempted to reveal to Mr. Sanchez the spot where his treasure lay, but the latter begged him not to tell him, as if perchance some person should track him to his hiding place and make away with the money he might perhaps always suspect Mr. Sanchez as the only person who knew his secret. Mr. Futch was urged to inform him wife, but he declined to do this. He promised, however, that if at any time he became ill, or anything serious happened to him, he would send for him and tell him where the money was hidden.

About four years ago Mr. Sanchez received a hurried summons to go out to the Futch place. He mounted a saddle horse and galloped out to the old farm. Mr. Futch lay there speechless and almost unconscious. He endeavored, however, to make signs which were unlike the signs and the secret died upon his lips.

Mr. Sanchez told the story to Mrs. Futch, who, ever since, until her death, has been unceasing in her efforts to discover the treasure.

The passions have the voice and the voracity of the syrens.

Wu Ting Fang Tells Why Americans Succeed.

Americans are known, in whatever quarter of the world chance happens to throw them, by their marvelous self-reliance and independence. A typical American is never at a loss what to do with himself. If, by some enchantment, he were whisked away over night and set down in the middle of Timbuctoo he would doubtless when he should awake the next morning be astonished, but before luncheon he should be busily engaged in some business enterprise, so readily does he adapt himself to circumstances. In every instance he knows how to take care of himself, but perhaps the real secret of his success is that he knows how to make the most of his opportunities.

The intelligence of the average American is worthy of note. This, I take it, is due in large measure not only to the excellent schools but also to the innumerable newspapers and other publications. I have found in all parts of the country that in every town of any size there is published a daily paper, and that the metropolitan publications circulate in the homes of the most remote corners of the land.

The ability to seize his opportunities, which is characteristic of the American, is seen in the business enterprise of the country. Its industrial machinery is adjusted to the production of wealth on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. This is a valuable condition. American brains and American capital are reaching out to control the markets of the world, and, with good reason, other nations are watching the efforts with keen interest. China is but awakening to its vast possibilities, and more and more will she welcome the American merchant and American commerce within her borders. American enterprise is now building a railway from Hankow to Canton, and no doubt other roads will soon be building. China's rivers and harbors are to be improved and there will be more and more demand for American steel, rails and other products.—Wu Ting Fang in Success.

When a woman's husband quits doing something he knows she doesn't like it is time for her to discover what he has begun doing in its place.

Forgot the Location of Bonanza Gold Mine.

"There's a man with a hard-luck story beside which our troubles look like 30 cents," said one human derelict to another as they stood in front of a New York cheap lodging house. The man to whom he referred had just emerged from the building. He slouched along in a despondent way, with downcast eyes, stooped shoulders and that look of resigned hopelessness peculiar to those who have long been well-nigh penniless and never expect to be anything else. As he disappeared into a neighboring saloon the man who had pointed him out to his companion resumed his story.

"I knew that fellow well when we were both prospecting for gold in Southwestern Arizona. He, like most of us, had been at it a long time without having any luck, and was down to hard pan, when one day he suddenly turned up with a bunch of nuggets rich enough in gold to make your eyes pop out of your head. He started in to whoop it up, and whoop it up he did until his stake was gone. Mean-

while he had told enough to convince us all that he had found a bonanza, but no amount of persuasion would induce him even to hint at its location. About the time he went broke the 'rot gut' he'd been drinkin' got in its work and he had the 'Willies' as bad as I ever saw a man have 'em. When he came to his memory was gone. Not a single event in his past could he recall for months, when some portions of it began to come slowly back to him. The location of his bonanza where nuggets of the richest kind could be picked up from the surface could never again be recalled by him, not even a general idea as to its direction, and to this day he remains among the many lost gold mines of that locality."

"Gee, that's enough to make a man swear off forever, and I'd do it if I thought I could remember where there is a gold mine," said the second derelict as he and his companion followed the "man with a history" into the saloon.

FOUND RARE OLD PARCHMENT.

Letter Written in 1500 Recently Discovered in England.

A remarkable history of an illuminated letter of King Henry VIII. was related by the Right Rev. Monsignor Corbishley to the members of the Sunderland Antiquarian Society on their visit to Ushaw College on July 5. Among the numerous ancient manuscripts exhibited was a long parchment scroll, a letter of Prince Henry afterward Henry VIII., beautifully illuminated to the taste of the prince. A gentleman was passing through one of the streets in the poorest part of Liverpool a few years ago, when his attention was drawn to a parchment roll that a little boy was using as a football. On examination he found it to be a Latin illuminated scroll. The parents of the boy could give no account of how they became possessors of it, except that it had been in the family for many years, and only preserved because of the pictures on it. It was of no value to them, and they readily parted with it for a sum more than they thought it was worth.

The gentleman had the parchment cleaned and discovered it to be an autograph letter of Prince Henry to his tutor. The date will be about 1500. It is in a wonderful state of preservation, the coloring on the illumination being bright and clear. The discoverer of the rare manuscript presented it to Ushaw College, where

it is now shown as one of their most valued possessions.

OLD MAN KEPT HIS PROMISE.

Kentucky Mountaineer Has Fun With Revenue Officer.

Deputy Police Commissioner N. B. Thurston, who still holds his position as colonel on the staff of Major General Roe, is credited with the following story of a young revenue officer who was detailed to discover illicit distilleries, or private stills, as they were familiarly called, in the mountains of Kentucky. One day this officer met a mountaineer, who confessed he was a moonshiner, but was promised immunity from punishment if he would show the officer a private still. He led the way through swamps and underbrush, across streams and up rocky trails for perhaps an hour; and at last, with much display of caution, he paused on the edge of a clearing, in the center of which was a rude hut.

"Do you see that man in the doorway?" he asked in a husky whisper.

"Yes," replied the officer in the same tone.

"Well, that's my son," and there were tears in his voice. "Seven years ago he went into the army with the solemn intention of becoming a colonel, but he's a private still."

—New York Times.

An alpenstock for a mountain; common sense for philosophy.